THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

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THE
HEIR OF THE HOUSE OF OLDFIELD.
A MORAL TALE.

(*By Mr. Harriſon.*)

[Continued.]

HAVING put ſome balſam to the wound, which appeared trifling, notwithſtanding the effuſion of blood was great, his tender houſekeeper now affectionately intreated permiſſion to ſit up with him for the remainder of the night. But, tho' her preſence took off much of the horror he had before felt, it was in vain that he endeavored to procure ſleep; and in a ſtate of reſtleſs ſtupefaction he continued till the welcome appearance of morning.

The morning, however, broke not with the ſplendor of the preceding day. The clouds were heavy, there was a brisk wind, and the dawn was quickly overcaſt. The rain ſoon began to deſcend; and, though not violent, ſeemed likely to prove laſting: ſo that Sinifter, inſtead of taking an early ride, as he had intended according to his uſual practice, was under the neceſſity of remaining at home.

But the rain, which had prevented his ride, could not prevent the wife of the unhappy malefactor and their ſeven children from viſiting the humane proſecutor of their too ſanguine protector, and imploring him to ſign their petition for a pardon before the judge quitted the city. He had juſt raiſed to his lips the firſt morſel of his breakfaſt, when the whole groupe, having been refuſed admiſſion, knelt at his gate, and with their affecting cries began to realize what he had ſo recently been tormented with by imagination.

He began now to conceive, that the appearance of Harry Oldfield's ghoſt the preceding evening—for ſuch he had now made up in his mind it muſt neceſſarily be—was merely to warn him againſt putting to death a man who was by no means ſo criminal as himſelf; and that, therefore his peace of mind would return the moment he had forgiven this man. In fact there was but little for him to forgive; ſince he had not loſt a ſingle ſhilling on the occaſion. The imprudent fellow was detected in ſelling this ſolitary ſheep, which he had met with ſtraying in the road, at a time when he had neither money, nor work, nor food for his family. He had, therefore, for the firſt time of his life, yielded to the temptation; but he would not for the univerſe, have taken it home to his family, or have let them know that he had by improper means procured the value of a farthing. In this frame of mind, Sinifter deſired the petition might be brought in; and to the ſurprize of the ſervants, whoſe tears ran down their faces for joy, he immediately ſigned it. At the tranſporting, but unexpected intelligence, the poor woman fainted away; for a pardon had been promiſed by the judge, provided the proſecutor would ſign the petition: and, when ſhe recovered, the fervor with which ſhe prayed to Heaven for bleſſings on her huſband's preſerver, and the artleſs manner in which ſhe was joined by her little ones, had an effect far beyond any conception.

Sinifter, having thus cheaply ſatisfied his conſcience, ſpent the remainder of the day in chearfulneſs; and, at night, enjoyed a more calm and delightful repoſe than he had for many years experienced.

In the morning he roſe early; and looking out at a window, while his horſe was getting ready, what was his aſtoniſhment, on perceiving the very boy iſſue from a little ſhed, whoſe ſhadow, as he was now fully perſuaded, had occaſioned him ſo much alarm!

He had but a few minutes to reflect on this incident, before he was informed that the horſe waited; and, immediately mounting, he thought he would direct his ride to that part of the park in which he had loſt ſight of the boy. Having proceeded about a quarter of a mile, he deſcribed him at a diſtance, near a wood on the verge of the park; and, calling to his ſervant—"Look there, (ſaid he) is not that the boy you ſaw the other evening?"—"Where, Sir?" replied the man, looking in a different direction. "There, blockhead!" cried his maſter, pointing to the ſpot. But it was too late, for the youth had then juſt entered the wood; and the ſervant began to think his maſter's ſenſes had taken leave of him.

It is aſtoniſhing what trifles alarm a guilty mind! Sinifter's happineſs was again fled; all his terrors returned. Yet the object that excited this commotion was but a child; a poor friendleſs child! who had a heart too tender to trample wantonly on a worm.

Young Harry had ſeen Sinifter at the window; and he was perſuaded that he had been ſeen by him when he quitted the ſhed. He now began to fear, that he had taken an unwelcome, and perhaps an unjuſt liberty, in lodging without expreſs permiſſion, where certainly any animal in the creation might ungrudgingly been ſuffered to repoſe: and ſuch was the delicate propriety of his mind, that he would have diſdained even the ſhelter of a hedge, if he felt the ſmalleſt indication that he might poſſibly be acting wrong.

Alas! he could feelingly ſay, with the only "perfect Being" ever on earth—"Foxes have holes, and birds of the air have neſts; but the ſon of man hath not where to lay his head!"

For ſeveral days he remained concealed in the woods, ſubſiſting on the nuts and berries he found there: and, each night, climbing a thick tree, he faſtened his body, with a handkerchief, to one of the firmeſt branches, where he fearleſsly repoſed till awakened by the chearful harmony of his early and innocent neighbours.

Sinifter, during all this time, was ſuffering every horror of a mind awakened to a ſenſe of it's guilt. Each day was ſpent in anticipating the terrors of the coming night; and ſuch were his augmented apprehenſions, that he could not endure to be left a moment in the dark, and had a ſervant conſtantly awake in his chamber. The wound on his temples too, either from the agitation of his animal ſpirits, or in conſequence of his tender houſekeeper's balſam, a ſecret compoſition of her own began to exhibit alarming appearances: but ſhe perſuaded him that her infallible plaiſter muſt ſoon do the buſineſs; and his mental wound gave him a thouſand times more pain, than he either felt or dreaded from ſo inſignificant a hurt.

The ſervant, who accompanied him from Hereford, and on his airing in Oldfield park, endeavoured to aſſiſt the kitchen council's enquiry into the cauſe of their maſter's malady, by relating what he had witneſſed reſpecting the boy; who had been obſerved looking earneſtly towards the houſe and contemplatively traverſing the grounds, ſeveral times. But there was, they all agreed, ſo much of the gentleman in the little fellow; and he looked ſo innocent, good-natured, and handſome; that they were certain he could neither have any bad deſign, nor belong to any perſons who had; and they would have invited him into the houſe, even at the riſque of their maſter's diſpleaſure, if they had not thought that they might diſturb him, as he ſeemed ſhy, and deſirous of avoiding company. They had not, however, the ſmalleſt idea of the youth; though they thought they had ſeen ſomebody like him: and they ended, as they began, with many nods, winks, and deep ſighs of ſelfgratulation, that though they had not ſome folk's money, they had not, they thanked God, ſome folk's conſciences! Monſieur, who was of this party, in his tete a tete with the houſekeeper, the ſame evening, mentioned what had paſſed in the kitchen: and ſhe, who had heard more of her maſter's moans and half-uttered expreſſions, than any of the other ſervants, began to ſpell and put together; till at laſt ſhe gueſſed, rightly enough, what was at the bottom. To ſatisfy herſelf, ſhe fetched from the lumber garret, where a large collection of family portraits had been long locked up, the portraits of the two laſt Oldfields; and, ſummoning into her apartment the ſervant who had ofteneſt ſeen the youth, ſhe began, firſt bribing his ſecrecy with a glaſs of cherry-brandy, to enquire if the boy he had ſeen was like either of thoſe pictures. The fellow, at the ſight of the youngeſt, which was in fact Harry Oldfield, (the father) ſtarted back with affright; his eyes ſeemed inclined to quit their ſockets, and his hair ſtanding erect—"'Tis as like, 'tis as like, madam, (he ſtammered out) as, as, as——are you ſure it is not him himſelf?" This was ſufficient. She carried the portraits again up ſtairs; and, giving him another glaſs of her favorite cordial, to reſtore his ſpirits, with a few hints of what he might expect if he was wiſe enough to hold his tongue ſhe diſmiſſed him back to the kitchen: where, though certainly he did not utter a ſingle word on the ſubject, with his tongue, he took care literally to hold that member between his thumb and finger, and to practiſe many inſignificant contortions of his face, elevations of his hands and eyes, ſhrugs of his ſhoulders, and other pleaſant pantomimical contrivances, all tending plainly to demonſtrate that he could ſay a great deal if he dared.

Sinifter being retired to his chamber, the houſekeeper ſoon began to adminiſter her conſolation.—She repreſented the cruelty to himſelf in ſmothering any ſecret that oppreſſed him, and mildly reproached his want of confidence in her ſo long experienc-

ed affection. There was nothing, not even her life, that she would hesitate to sacrifice for the dear object to whom she had already forfeited what was to a woman of her honor and breeding so much more precious than life itself. What would become of her, what would become of his sweet babes, if he gave way to such causeless but ruinous regrets! If he died, Heaven knew, they must all go to the work-house; for, to be sure, his fine son would soon turn them out of doors, and perhaps, not long have a house over his own head! With this kind of language, to which he but little attended, she contrived to keep her tongue in motion for some hours; and he who was all the time pondering on the means by which he should effectually get rid of the last heir of the house of Oldfield, began to ask what she thought of Monsieur. Conscience hastily interpreting this question, she tartly replied, that he was an ugly wretch, and that she could never abide him. "I do not mean, (says Sinister) to ask your opinion of his beauty: But do you think his fidelity can be depended on? Can he keep a secret?"—"O, yes! (replied she, glad to find there was no jealousy): I have tried him many and many's the time; and you would be really astonished, if I were to tell you how well he can keep a secret! No, hang him! though he is certainly not handsome, to give the man his due, I must say, he is as fit to be trusted with secrets as any fellow I ever knew, and I have known many in my time."——"Not so fast; not so fast! (interrupted Sinister) I have been thinking of a plan. If this boy could be privately secured, and sent somewhere abroad, so that I might never see him again, cost what it would, I should be happy enough."—"Give yourself no more trouble about it, (said she) you may reckon the thing done, and sleep in peace."

She told Monsieur, in the morning, what had passed between her and her master; and he consented, though with some reluctance, to undertake the task. Accordingly, he spent the whole of that day, in making minute enquiries after the youth. He even traced him to the little ale-house, where he had been and refreshed; but the landlord and his wife protested they had seen nothing of him for several days, and they were anxious to know what could be become of him. They declared he was the gentlest and best creature in the world; and they never loved so well a child of their own, for they believed he was an angel. Monsieur now told them, that if he came again, he begged they would send him word; and, if they would promise to keep the secret, he would tell them the truth.—The boy, he said, was his own son; and had run away from his mother, in France, who was breaking her heart at his absence. All he wanted was, to secure the young rogue, and send him back to his mother, till his own father died; when he should return to his dear wife, and live like a gentleman, on his own family estate. The good souls, who believed every syllable Monsieur said, promised to do as he had told them; and they would have religiously kept their word, had Harry unfortunately furnished them with any opportunity.—But Providence was pleased to dispose of him in a different way.

(To be concluded in our next.)

ANECDOTE.

THE persecuting Archbishop Laud was a man of short stature. Charles the First and the Archbishop were one day about to sit down to dinner together, when it was agreed that Archer, the King's jester, should say grace for them, which he did in the following words: "Great praise be given to God, but *Little Laud* to the Devil."

On Conjugal Misunderstandings.

FLORIO and Camilla, though in reality they had a regard for one another, were so unfortunate in an impatience of temper, that they continually rendered each other miserable. Florio was a man too easily dejected, and Camilla interpreted this into sullenness. In consequence of which, she would accuse him of peevishness, or else sit whole hours with a book in her hand, as regardless of his sighs, as if they were the puffs of an old pair of bellows. If Florio desired her to avoid a particular thing, she directly considered him as laying a sort of command upon her, and therefore thought it incumbent on her pride to do the very thing prohibited. If Florio begged of her to observe any point of good-breeding, which Camilla might through accident have forgot, she reproached him as a squeamish creature. If he appeared particularly desirous to polish her in the art of eloquence, it was imputed to a love of contradiction. And thus two people, really lovers at bottom, tortured one another without any solid cause.

A view of Matrimony in three different lights.

THE marriage-life is always an insipid, a vexatious, or an happy condition. The first is, when two people of no taste meet together, upon such a settlement as has been thought reasonable by parents and conveyancers, from an exact valuation of the land and cash of both parties. In this case, the young lady's person is no more regarded than the house and improvements in purchase of an estate; but she goes with her fortune, rather than her fortune with her. These make up the crowd or vulgar of the rich, and fill up the lumber of the human race, without beneficence towards those below them, or respect towards those above them; and lead a despicable, independent, and useless life, without sense of the laws of kindness, good-nature, mutual offices, and the elegant satisfactions which flow from reason and virtue.

The vexatious life arises from a conjunction of two people of quick taste and resentment, put together for reasons well known to their friends, in which especial care is taken to avoid (what they think the chief of evils) poverty; and ensure to them riches, with every evil besides. These good people live in a constant constraint before company, and, when alone, revile each other's person and conduct. In company, they are in purgatory; when by themselves, in hell.

The happy marriage is, where two persons meet, and voluntarily make choice of each other, without principally regarding or neglecting the circumstances of fortune or beauty. These may still love in spite of adversity or sickness. The former we may, in some measure, defend ourselves from; the other is the common lot of humanity. Love has nothing to do with riches or state. Solitude, with the person beloved, has a pleasure, even in a woman's mind, beyond show or pomp.

ANECDOTE.

OLIVER CROMWELL, while carrying on a war in Scotland, was riding near Glasgow, at the head of a body of horse. A Scotch soldier, planted on an high wall, took the opportunity to fire at him, but missed him. Oliver, without slackening or drawing his rein, turned round and said, "Fellow, if any trooper of mine had missed such a mark, he should have an hundred lashes." He did not even order the man to be seized, and he made his escape. A rare example of true courage!

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

INNUMERABLE have been the instances in which mankind have been actuated, in all ages, by that most powerful principle, superstition, operating on ignorant and uncultivated minds. From the time when the illustrious Galileo, in the beginning of the 17th century, was imprisoned by the inquisition at Rome, for asserting the truth of the Copernican system of the universe, and obliged to abjure his heretical opinions, as they were called, by the ignorant mitres and red hats of that court, to the year 1691, when the celebrated Cagliostro (an impostor, no doubt) was condemned in the same city, as "an heretic, an heresiarch, a judiciary astrologer, a magician, and a free-mason," the effects of superstition have been considerably diminished indeed, but have not been entirely eradicated. In the mean time, till reason shall assume an entire, universal, and uncontrouled ascendency over men, it may be pleasant enough to call to recollection the absurdities of former times; a very curious instance of which is contained in the following anecdote, which accounts, at the same time, for the origin of a well known popular tradition:—In the infancy of printing, John Fust, or Faustus, a citizen of Mentz, and one of the earliest printers had the policy to conceal his art; and to this policy we are indebted, as already observed, for the tradition of "The Devil and Doctor Faustus," handed down to the present times.—Fust in partnership with Peter Schoeffer, having, in 1462, printed off a considerable number of copies of the bible to imitate those which were commonly sold in M. S. Fust undertook the sale of them at Paris, where the art of printing was then unknown. At first he sold his copies; at so high a sum as five or six hundred crowns, the prices usually demanded by the scribes. He afterward lowered his price to sixty crowns, which created universal astonishment: but when he produced copies as fast as they were wanted, and lowered the price to thirty crowns, all Paris was agitated. The uniformity of the copies increased the wonder; informations were given into the police against him as a magician: his lodgings were searched; and a great number of copies being found they were seized; the red ink with which they were embellished was said to be his blood; it was seriously adjudged that he was in league with the devil; and if he had not fled, most probably would have shared the fate of those whom ignorant and superstitious judges condemned in those days for witchcraft.

Curious Correspondence.—There is a man of the name of Minnise, in the South of Ireland, who is a very proper person to join the French Knight Errants, to effect a Counter-Revolution. The man, in describing a conflict with the White-boys, wrote, a few weeks ago, to Government, the following particulars:

"As the devil would have it please you, my Lord I *led* on, a troop of dragoons against the White Boys, myself being in the *rear*, for fear the troops should flinch. We were attacked by about 20,000 of them, whom we peppered *front and rare* as they were *running away*. In the course of the night, the sun never saw such wonders—for the Serjeant cut off at one stroke the heads of three of the Ringleaders, who, I am sorry to say, *made their escape*, through the darkness of the night."

The preceding is literally copied from an Irish News-paper.

Lines written on an old Glass.

FRAIL glass, thou mortal art, as well as I,
Though none can tell, which of us first shall die.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A REBUS.

A CONSONANT oft' by a vowal supplied,
The swiftest of birds and very keen-eyed;
The Goddess whose trumpet forever will sound,
The inconstant dame whose wheel whirls around;
The substance from which a young bird is produced,
The roughest of letters in English that's used,
The reptile enrag'd that is most apt to hiss,
A large bird of prey with the most solemn phiz,
And a lady's reply when she's ask'd for a kiss;
These initials combin'd in a right situation,
Point out the best statesman we have in the nation.

H.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA MINERVA.

A FRAGMENT.

HENCE, futile scenes, that charm the WORLD's vain Eye,
Oh turn from me your visionary hues;
For you have robb'd me with unpitying hand
Of feelings that could *Sorrow's* force withstand:
And sad *Remembrance* with a grief-swoln sigh,
The placid shadows of my joys pursues.

Why was it that I lov'd to stroll
Where thick wove Trees shut out the dazzling Day?
Where limpid waters murm'ring us'd to roll?—
Where the pale Lilly bloom'd in pearly coat?—
And from some elevated unseen spray
The pensive Robin threw a lonely note?

Why, kneeling, have I oft at dead *of* night
Struck to *long tones* the *Harpsichord's* flex strings?
While the full sound in circ'ling flight,
Soar'd to the vault of *Heaven* on quiet's wings?

It was, because *Sobriety* was there—
She turn'd each cord, *she* parroun'd the hour;
With deeper groan *she* sing'd the silent Bower,
And swell'd the note that woke the list'rous Tear.

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Jan. 19, 1796. ANNA.

SENSIBILITY.

CELESTIAL spring, to Nature's favourites giv'n,
Fed by the dews that bathe the flow'rs of heav'n;
From the pure chrystal of thy fountain flow
The tears that trickle o'er another's woe;
The silent drop that calms our own distress;
The gush of rapture at a friend's success;
Thine the soft flow'rs down beauty's breast that steal,
To soothe the heart-wounds they can never heal:
Thine too the tears of extasy that roll,
When genius whispers to the list'ning soul;
And thine the hallow'd flood that drowns the eye,
When warm religion lifts the thought on high.

A LITTLE TALE.

AT a tavern one night,
Messrs. *Moore*, *Strange* and *Wright*,
Met to drink and good thoughts to exchange;
Says *Moore*, "of us three,
The whole town will agree,
There is only one knave, and that's *Strange*."
"Yes," says *Strange*, (rather sore)
"I am sure there's one *Moore*,
A most terrible knave and a bite,
Who cheated his mother,
His sister and brother"—
"O yes," replied *Moore*, "that is *Wright*."

Philadelphia, *Jan.* 23.

The Executive of the United States has received from Mr. Simpson, at Gibraltar, a letter dated in November, which mentions that a Treaty with Spain had been concluded at Madrid by our commissioners, Messrs. Pinckney and Short; who upon the conclusion of it, left Madrid for Paris.

The navigation of the Mississippi is one of the principal advantages we look for in a treaty with Spain, and indeed a free navigation of that river is of immense importance to us. It remains to be known whether in the cession of this advantage, the British are not excluded from a participation. This may be expected to be the case, our British treaty notwithstanding, if French influence has been exerted in our behalf to obtain the treaty; and that it has there is at least great probability. [Aurora.]

AUTHENTIC.

Extract of a letter from James Simpson, Consul of the United States at Gibraltar, dated at that place, Nov. 14, 1795, and received by a vessel lately arrived at New-York, to the Secretary of State.

"If this vessel has a speedy passage to New-York, she may carry the first news of the Treaty between the United States and Spain, being signed, which took place at Madrid 27th of last month; and the 3d instant Mr. Pinckney and Mr. Short, I understand, set out for France."

On Sunday last arrived the brig Dispatch, Capt. Donnalson, from Jeremie, which he left on the 25th of December, at which time the inhabitants were under arms, expecting that evening to be attacked by the brigands. None of the British armament, that he could hear of, had arrived in any part of the West-Indies, but from the accounts which had been received, were daily looked for.

On Monday last arrived in town, Major Lewis, aid-de-camp to Major General Wayne, and Captain Britt, from the Legion of the United States. The Major left Head Quarters the 1st of December, came by the way of the Ohio, informs that the troops were remarkably healthy, and that a constant intercourse is kept up with the Indians, who conduct themselves in a friendly manner. One of them accompanied Major Lewis to the city, for the purpose of seeing *his father*, the President of the United States.

Captain Taylor, of the Dragoons, and several other officers are also in town, and the Commander in Chief himself is daily expected, having left the army about the 10th ult. The gentlemen of the three Philadelphia troops of horse will hold themselves in readiness to meet the General a few miles from hence to pay their respect to him, and to escort him to town.

Mr. Ferran, who arrived in the brig John, on Sunday, from Berbice, informs that the negroes employed by the British to act as pioneers to the expected forces had been disbanded, a circumstance which had originated a report that the West-India expedition was given up—that he was at St. Bartholomews on the 23d ult. when flour was selling there and at St. Thomas's at but 11 dollars per barrel; coffee 16½d. per lb. and that he was in sight of St. Vincent's two days, and could easily see the Caribbean and French camp, at the distance of about two cannon shot from the British, the latter of which, as he was informed by the lieutenant of a British ship of war who boarded him, consisted of about 3,000; skirmishes took place frequently; but both parties were afraid to attempt any thing decisive.

Melancholy Accident.

Penobscot, Dec. 9.

"A melancholy accident happened here the 4th inst.—Peletiah Wescott, Joseph Wescott, and Samuel Avery, came on shore from the schooner Freedom belonging to this port, to take off some things belonging to a gentleman going passenger in the vessel. A musket was among the articles, which was not primed, and which they supposed not charged; after the boat left the shore, P. Wescott took up the musket, snapped it several times over the side of the boat, and then began to perform the manual exercise, and Avery gave him the word; when he came to the word fire, he snapped the gun which proved to be charged, and the contents were lodged in the head of Avery, just above the right eye; it blew off part of his scull, and he expired in a few minutes. Wescott says, that when he snapped the gun, it was elevated above Avery's head, but in bringing it to a priming position, it went off; this appearing the more probable as the gun had been loaded some time before, and it is likely had become a little damp. No evidence appeared to the jury of any design in Wescott, on the contrary, every circumstance was favourable. The jury was unanimous in the verdict "*Accidental death.*"

BOSTON, Jan. 9.

Yesterday arrived here, brig Katy, capt. Pease, 59 days from Nantz. The captain did not bring any French papers. The reports at Nantz, were that Charette had been defeated, and had gone to join Stoflet—That Spain had declared war against England; that the Portuguese had armed a small fleet to engage the French Mediterranean squadron lately arrived at Cadiz—[other accounts say, that the Portuguese fleet sailed; but unwilling to engage the French, had returned;] that a squadron of British frigates were in Quiberon bay—that the emigrants were still on the Isle d'Yeu, and the count D'Artois had returned to England.

On Wednesday night last, during the then violent snow storm, about 2 o'clock, the ship Margret, captain John Mackay, from Amsterdam, for and belonging to this port, was cast away on the Gooseberry, near Baker's island, off Salem harbour, and the captain (who was unwell,) a Dutch gentleman passenger, one of the seamen and the cabin boy, were unfortunately drowned. The vessel went to pieces immediately, and the cargo it is supposed will be entirely lost. Among the survivors is Mr. James Lamb, of this town, merchant, and part owner of the ship. Those who saved their lives, did it by plunging into the swell, and were washed on shore, while those who sprang in when the surf was receding, were drowned. The above are all the particulars we have learnt.

The New Line of Stages.

FEDERAL PILOT,

LEAVES WILLIAM COOPER's Ferry, opposite Philadelphia, every Sunday and Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, during the Winter season, and proceeds to Burlington or Crosswicks to lodge, as occasion may require; and starts from thence the mornings following for Amboy, where convenient Boats convey the passengers to New-York the same evening, generally in good season. The carriage leaves Amboy on Tuesdays and Fridays for Cooper's, and arrives there the same evening.——FARE for each passenger from Cooper's to Amboy, 2s. 7d.—water ditto to New-York, 3s. 5d.—baggage, 15s. per. cwt.—14lb. gratis.

The certainty of this conveyance, and sufficiency of time for rest and refreshment, must give it the preference to those who depend on the winds and tides of the Delaware.

For SEATS apply to Mr. HOWELL, at the Sorrel Horse in Second-street, or Messrs. THORN, WEST, and WILEY, at the different Ferries, at which places the drivers will attend.

RICHARD HANDLEY.
EZEKIEL PRICE.
TIMOTHY HORNER.

Court of Apollo.

WINTER.

STERN *Winter*, though thy rugged reign,
Chills the pale bosom of the plain,
And in deep sighs thy hollow blast
Tells me the happy hour are past,
That saw meek *Spring* her blossoms rear,
And lead along the infant year;
Thy thick'ning glooms, and leafless tree,
Have charms for *Emma* and for me.

And tho' the light-wing'd breeze no more
Wafts the rich sweets of *Summer's* store;
Tho' *Autumn's* scene no more beguiles,
My cot is warm, my *Emma* smiles.
Then, *Winter*, come! thy storms and rain,
Beat on this happy roof in vain:
The shiv'ring blast, and leafless tree,
Have charms for *Emma* and for me.

Then what avail thy wind and storm,
That Nature's with'ring face deform?
If fancy's brisk and sportive lay,
Awake to pleasure's willing sway;
If the quick jest and lively song
Bid the slow night move blithe along!
For then thy glooms and leafless tree
Have charms for *Emma* and for me.

Then, when the bloom of youth is dead,
And fancy's frolic tours are fled,
Tranquil and free from passion's rage,
I'll meet the hoary frost of age;
Then, *Winter*, come! these blessings bring,
I sigh not for the gaudy *Spring*:
So shall thy glooms and leafless tree
Have charms for *Emma* and for me.

A PARODY ON SEMPRONIUS' SPEECH IN THE ROMAN SENATE.

MY voice is still for Punch,
Gods! can we learned Pedagogues debate
Which of the two to chuse, drinking or not?
No!—all at once let's fill our bumpers up,
Then quaff them off, and with redoubled charge
Attack the bowl, nor dread the *dire* effects
Of head-ach giving rum. Perhaps some scull,
More hardy than the rest, may stand the shock,
And drain the goblet dry!—Fill, brothers, Fill;
That murd'ring liquor claims your fiercest ire:
Fill, and revenge the thousands it has slain,
Or share their fate. The corpse of many a bravo
Lies prey to hungry worms! while we sit here
Delib'rating in cold debates if we
Should fall like heroes at great Bacchus' shrine,
Or drag out lives of dullness and of thirst!
Rouse up, for shame! our brethren in the shades
Curse their dry throats, and cry out "drain the bowl!!"
Great G—y complains that we are slow,
And ——'s ghost walks unrevenged amongst us!

SEMPRONIUS, jun.

COURAGE.

BRASIDAS, a Spartan General, who was distinguished for his bravery and generosity, once seized a mouse, and being bit by it, suffered it to escape: "There is no animal," said he, "so contemptible, but may be safe, if he have courage to defend himself."

THE SLAVES.

A TALE TOO TRUE.

"Ye Gods! is there not some chosen curse,
"Some hidden thunders in the stores of heav'n
"Red with uncommon wrath, prepar'd to blast"
Such CIVILIZED BARBARIANS?

THE persons who are the subjects of this short tale are natives of Africa. The female was beautiful; at least, she was called so in her own country. Her name was Ala. The time was appointed for her nuptials, and Ara was to be the happy person. Her parents had taught her to love him when she was yet a child, and when she arrived at mature age, she approved their choice. But how fleeting is human happiness. The night preceding the day on which Ara was to be put in possession of Ala, a party of men from a British ship then lying in the bay, rushed forth to seize on their defenceless victims. "That fatal night when all seem'd still," while Ala was pouring forth her orisons to the power she had been taught to adore, in a vale not far from her habitation, she was seized upon by these "agents of the devil," carried on board their vessel, and put amongst others, doomed to lead a life of slavery, in the hold.

Ara waited on the parents of his intended bride on the day he was to call Ala his. When he found, to his utter astonishment, her parents giving vent to their sorrow, on losing their beloved daughter. Ara was petrified with horror, when he was informed that his love had been hurried away from her devotions, on the evening before, by men who stiled themselves "Christians," and by her cries had been traced to the place of her confinement. He endeavoured to console their grief-torn breasts, altho' he had as much need of the consolation himself. He told them that he would endeavour to release Ala, or perish in the attempt, and appointed the next day to put his design into execution.

But fate would not spare Ara till the next day to fulfil his promise. The wind blew fair, and the captain of the ship, who only waited for a few more slaves, ordered his men that evening to scour the country. They set out agreeable to their orders, and the first dwelling that fell in their way proved to be that in possession of the father of Ara; they immediately entered, and to their great joy discovered upwards of twenty persons sitting round one, who appeared to be asking their advice about an affair of moment. They were seized upon before they had time to effect an escape, their hands were tied, ropes were fastened to their legs, and in this manner they were drawn to the beach, where the boat was waiting for them. They were hurried on board, and as these unfortunates were sufficient to complete the numbers, the next day was appointed for their departure.

The day came, and brought with it the parents of Ala to the shore. The anchor was weighed—the sails were unfurled, and all the officers had resumed their stations, when their ears were assailed with lamentations. They discovered two persons, who appeared to be in the greatest agony of grief, who when they found they were observed, plunged in the sea, and made towards this "floating hell." On their nearer approach, the captain found they were aged persons, and imagining they would not outlive the passage, gave orders not to admit them on board.

They swam round the ship, and at last succeeded in their attempts to get hold of something. They were immediately beaten off—They again got hold—here humanity would not extend so far as to beat them off a second time, but the inhuman commander slipped a rope round their necks, and suspended them in the air. They were held in this posture until it was judged they were half dead; the rope was then cut, and these children of sorrow were consigned to the watery elements to finish their existence!

After a tedious passage the vessel arrived before Jamaica. The slaves were ordered upon deck, and passed in review before their purchasers. It pleased heaven to give Ara and Ala one master. They were sent to his plantation. The person who purchased these two Africans, had a greater share of christianity than his brethren. When they arrived at his house, they were cloathed and treated well, and the next day they were sent for to appear before him. He saw they had been weeping, although they endeavoured to conceal it. He asked for the history of their lives, and they made out to gratify him. He had learned their language while a youth, for he had known misfortunes, and once had a master himself. But kind Providence had given him a competent estate, when least expected; and as he knew how slaves were treated, he endeavoured by all possible means to make the lives of those that were under him as easy as possible. When he became acquainted with their sufferings, he told them they were FREE, and that if they chose to stay with him, they should receive wages, and be treated as his children. They fell down and embraced the feet of this "one of a thousand," and sobbed out their thanks. He raised them from their humble situation. Ara, he appointed his overseer. They were united the next day by a clergyman—and once more sat happiness in the island of Jamaica.

L. B.

SWEET BATH,

Recommended to those who wish to discharge themselves,

Boston, Dec. 1.

YESTERDAY afternoon, a woman at the north of the town hearing a strange noise in her yard, and frequent ejaculations, by a tremulous voice, of 'Lord help me!' &c. ran out to find the person, and the cause from whence they were uttered. In the yard she saw a woman's cloak and bonnet, but not the least appearance of any one near them. Surprised at the oddity of the circumstance, she was about to re enter her house, when she again heard a groaning, which evidently proceeded from the "Privy;" she immediately summoned assistance, when a female of about 17 years of age was dragged from the vault; and who, from several circumstances, appeared to have fixed on that unclean method of ridding herself of existence; but the "Necessary" having been recently cleansed, made it impossible for her to effect her wishes and intentions. Finding her situation disagreeable, and being unable to extricate herself, she had been necessitated to call for help.

LOST,

Last week, in the Market-house,

A GLOVE, containing four rings, two of which were gold, and the other two hair. The owner's name was marked in full on one of them. Whoever has found the same, and will leave them at the office of the Philadelphia Minerva, shall be liberally rewarded.

TO BE LET,

THE FRONT PART OF A HOUSE,

In an eligible situation for a dry good or grocery store.—Apply at the office of the Philadelphia Minerva.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

MR. BARTHELEMY, in addition to his Private Tuition, has opened a SCHOOL FOR YOUNG LADIES, where French is taught in its just pronunciation, and grammatical construction as usual. The hours of attendance are from 11 to 1 o'clock P. M. on every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. For further particulars, applicants of a good education, only, may call at No. 66, Dock-street.